ſters in *Datchet* Mead, and there empty it in the muddie ditch, cloſe by the Thames ſide.

Miſ. Page. You will do it? (direction.

M. Ford. I ha told them ouer and ouer, they lacke no Begone, and come when you are call'd.

M. Page. Here comes little *Robin*. (with you?

Miſ Ford. How now my Eyas Musket, what newes

Rob. My M. Sir *Iohn* is come in at the backe doore (Miſt. *Ford*, and requeſts your company.

Miſ Page. You little Iack-a-lent, haue you bin true to vs.

Rob. I, ile be ſworne; my Maſter knowes not of your being heere: and hath threatned to put mee into euerla-ſting liberty, if I tell you of it; for he ſweares he'll turne me away.

Miſ. Page. Thou'rt a good boy; this ſecrecy of thine ſhall be a Tailor to thee, and ſhall make thee a new doublet and hoſe. Ile go hide me.

Miſ. Ford. Do ſo, go tell thy Maſter, I am alone; Miſtris *Page*, remember you your *Cue*.

Miſ. Page. I warrant thee, if I do not act it, hiſſe me.

Miſ. Ford Go too then; we'l vſe this vnwholſome humi-dity, this groſſe-watry Pumpion, we'll teach him to know Turtles from Iayes.

Fal. Haue I caught thee, my heauenly Iewell? Why now let me die, for I haue liu'd long enough; This is the period of ambition; O this bleſſed houre.

Miſ. Ford. O ſweet Sir *Iohn*.

Fal. Miſtris *Ford*, I cannot cog, I cannot prate (Maſter *Ford*) now ſhall I ſinne in my wiſh; I would thy Husband were dead, ile ſpeake it before the beſt Lord, I would make thee my Lady.

Miſ. Ford. I your Lady Sir *Iohn*? Alas, I ſhould be a pitti-full Lady.

Fal. Let the Court of France ſhew mee ſuch another; I ſee how thine eye would emulate the Diamond; Thou haſt the right arched-beauty of the brow, that becomes the Ship-tyre, the Tyre-valiant, or any Tire of Venetian admittance.

Miſtris

Miſt. Ford. A plaine Kerchief My browes become nothing el

Fal. Thou art a tyrant to ſ an abſolute Courtier, and the would giue an excellent mot circled Farthingale. I ſee what ſoe, were not Noture thy frien hide it.

Miſt. Ford. Beleeue me, ther's

Fal. What made me loue th Ther's ſomething extraordina cog, and ſay thou art this and liſping hauthorne buds, that co apparrell, and ſmell like: time: I cannot, but I loue the deſeru'ſt it.

M. Ford. Do not betray me ſir

Fal. Thou mightſt as well Counter-gate, which is a hatef Lime-kill.

Miſ. Ford. Well, heauen kno And you ſhall one day finde it.

Fal. Keepe in that minde, Il

Miſt. Ford. Nay, I muſt tell y Or elſe I could not be in that m

Rob. Miſtris *Ford*, Miſtris *Ford* doore, ſweating, and blowing would needs ſpeake with you pr

Fal. She ſhall not ſee me, I w the Arras.

M. Ford. Pray you doe ſo, ſ Whats the matter? How now?

Miſt. Pag. O miſtris *Ford* w You'r ſham'd, y'are ouerthrown

M. Ford. What's the matter,

M. Page. O weladay, miſt. *F* to your husband, to giue him ſu

M. Ford. What cauſe of ſuſp

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merry Wives of Windsor* (STC 22301) LONDON, 1630 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH